



Light For Dark Days ;

— OR —

MESSAGES OF PEACE AND JOY

FOR ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

BY R. CAMPBELL.

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PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, 'ONTARIO' OFFICE,
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Queen's University at Kingston

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Preface and Sketch of My Life.

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TO THE READER,—

In presenting this little book to the public, I hope and pray that the HOLY GHOST may condescend to use it to lead many out of darkness into God's marvelous light. That the humble pages may bring forth FRUIT UNTO GOD and SPEAK FOR ME when I am gone is my earnest desire and prayer. For some of the incidents and choice extracts (which I have embodied in this little book) I feel deeply indebted to some of God's dear children; and I hope they will prove MESSAGES OF LIFE AND LIGHT to very many souls. I spent my childhood and early years with my parents and brothers and sisters on a pretty farm in Wellington County, Ontario. These years are interwoven with sweet and tender recollections. The blossoming orchard, the garden rose, the sweet scented meadow, the golden fields of grain, the frisking lambs at play, the songs of birds and the beautiful sunshine all seemed to speak of that loving God whose care is over all his works. These fleeting years passed quickly by; and I left home scenes for more public life. I spent about two years teaching school, but owing to poor health had to abandon it—afterwards I spent a few months in a general store, but failing health once more drove me from my post. Of late years I have devoted much of my time to travelling and selling books. My travels have extended over a good deal of Western Ontario, also into some parts of York State, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. I will now cut short the preface and sketch of my life, as my object is NOT I BUT CHRIST, that his name may be glorified and souls saved.

The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more;
But to Jesus for cleansing, I brought them,
And *through him* I shall reach the bright shore.

Your humble servant,

R. CAMPBELL.

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LIGHT FOR DARK DAYS.



FIRST STEP or NEW BIRTH.

DEAR READER,—If you are still UNSAVED I shall begin with you where Jesus began with Nicodemus when he said to him, “*Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God,*” St John, 3-3. If you have not yet been **BORN AGAIN** then you have never taken the **FIRST STEP** in the way to Heaven. When Nicodemus came to Christ, the divine teacher did not tell him that he must be more moral or religious, but he said ‘**YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,**’ John 3-7 Nicodemus was a religious, refined, moral and respectable citizen, yet he needed to be *born again*, Just so dear reader, you may be moral and respectable, you may be a member of some church; and yet NOT BE BORN AGAIN. Some go through all these forms and yet rest **SHORT OF CHRIST**. Such persons have been seeking eternal life in and through these ordinances, instead of in Christ. Therefore they are still unsaved and *children of wrath even as others*, Eph. 11-3. Now, my reader if you are anxious about your soul, and seeking eternal life, I beseech you to go direct to Christ for it; for God says “**THIS LIFE IS IN HIS SON,**” read 1 John 5-11. Seeing then that this divine

life is only to be found in Jesus. why look for it anywhere else? To do so you would be like a bee looking for honey in a stone, or a miner looking for gold in a lump of pure lead. If you got to Heaven because you were moral, had been baptised &c., you would be getting there **WITHOUT CHRIST**, would you not? Jesus says "**I AM THE WAY**," John 14-6. He that climbeth up some other way the same is a *thief and a robber*, John 10-1. Dear friend, these holy ordinances are good and very profitable in their proper time and place. They are to the divine life what water, air, light and heat are to the plant or flower. But remember you must have the plant before you can water or tend to it, you must have the pretty bird of song before you can FEED it. So also you must have spiritual life before you can nurture and develop it, you must be **BORN AGAIN** before you can **GROW IN GRACE**. God's order is **FIRST LIFE** —**THEN GROWTH**, The new birth has been called "*the gateway into the Kingdom*," and every child of God must come through this gate before they can make advancement in the way to Heaven. Dear Reader,—Have **YOU** passed through this gate? Have you taken the **FIRST STEP**? *Have you been born again?* The doctrine of the new birth is therefore the foundation of all our hopes for the world to come. It is really the A B C of the christian religion,

To be *born again* is one of the greatest blessings that we can ever get in this world ; for if we miss this blessing we will also miss all the blessings and joys of the better world where death and sorrow never come ; where they hunger and thirst never more ; where the blessed Jesus shall lead them unto living fountains of waters and where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, Rev., 7-16, 17. My friend—There will be **NO HEAVEN** for you except you are **BORN AGAIN**, you may have loved ones in the better land, but you will never enjoy their blessedness unless you are born again, you will spend an awful eternity of remorse and woe, if you neglect the great salvation and **ARE NOT BORN AGAIN**. Hasten then, *escape for thy life* before death

overtakes you and finds you **NOT BORN AGAIN.** And **THIS LIFE IS IN HIS SON,** 1 John 5-11. Yes my reader this eternal life can only be found in Christ, and nowhere else. Therefore go direct to Jesus for it, without delay; for **"EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN HE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD,"** St John 3-3.

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2. CAN I BE SAVED ?

DEAR READER.— This is a very important question, and who can answer it? And of a hundred answers **WHO** can tell us which is the right one? I go to one man, you say, "and he directs me this way; I go to another, and he directs me a different way. Both claim to speak with authority— One talks of the priest, and sacraments, of absolution and confession; whilst the other talks of an honest life and doing one's duty." But friend, why go to any man? Jesus tells us in the third chapter of John's Gospel what we need, viz; *to be born again*, and in the same chapter he tells us how we can have this need supplied. Now if I want the Lord to save me, what **HE SAYS** about it **IS EVERYTHING** and not what any one else may say. Let us ask honestly **WHAT DOES THE WORD OF GOD SAY?**— The Lord Jesus himself directs us thus: "*As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.*" St John 3-14, 15. Nothing can be more simple and explicit. The People of Israel had begun to murmur against God. To reprove them He sent a plague of serpents into their midst. Their bite was fatal and many died. They could find no cure. The charmers could not charm them away and the magicians were powerless. **THEN** the people cried unto God. God directed Moses to make a serpent of

brass, and set it on a pole ; and **EVERY ONE** that looked at the brazen serpent **LIVED**. Now if **That** was the way God appointed, what folly it would have been for any man to begin arguing about it, or seeking any other way. Just imagine some dying man talking thus :—"Oh, I really don't know what to do." He begins to object and argue about it. He says, "What difference can it make **looking at It**?" If he is bitten, he is bitten, and what his eyes happen to see cannot make any difference to him. If he is to die he must ; and if he is to get better, he will. How can "**looking at**" a brazen serpent have anything to do with his getting well ?—"Why man?" we should reply don't be so foolish as that? God has appointed **this** as a remedy, and it shall not fail. He can make a **look** to cure as easily as anything else—Since that is the condition of being healed, **WHY LOOK AND LIVE**.—*Even so hath the son of man been lifted up that* **WHOSOEVER** *believeth in him should* **NOT PERISH** *but have eternal life*"—Here is one dying.—See him with his head hung down—his eyes fixed—in every feature misery and despair.—"It is not for me" he mutters it is not for me ; I am too old. It could never heal me. My case is too far gone. Too late!"—**No** it **never** was too late for him that would look.—If **ANY MAN** looked at the serpent he **LIVED EVEN SO** *hath the son of man been lifted up that whosoever* **BELIEVETH IN HIM** *should not perish but have* **ETERNAL LIFE**," John 3 14, 15. Reader, whoever you are, whatever you are, there is the Lord's word to you. **WHOSOEVER** believeth in him shall **NOT PERISH**, you can find nothing to shut you out. The son of God died the just for the unjust. He bore **OUR SINS** in his **OWN BODY** on the tree. They are not hushed up or hidden ; but they are brought, out and in the face of men, angels and devils, the claim of a broken law is **MET** and **SATISFIED**. And now God can be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. (Rom. 3-26.) Dear reader, you know it is very easy to ride in a railway coach after the mountains have been tunneled, the hills excavated, and the

rails laid—just so the blessed Son of God has made it easy to be saved ; by his blood and agony. Yes, **IT COST HIM HIS LIFE** that we might be saved. *How then shall you escape if you neglect* **SO GREAT SALVATION ?**

O Christ, what burdens bowed thy head !

OUR LOAD was laid on thee ;

Thou stood'st in the sinner's stead,

Didst bear all ill for me.

A victim led—Thy blood was shed ;

NOW THERE'S NO LOAD FOR ME.

—)o(—

STORY OF DOCTOR DAVIS.

Doctor **Davis**, the good black doctor who died while nursing the sick soldiers at Sedan, was shortly before his death travelling from London to Folkstone. He was a tall fine looking man, and though as black as a negro, could speak the purest English.

Being very tired he fell into a doze after the train started; but soon overheard a lady opposite speaking about him to her husband beside her. "Oh how I wish," said she, "that I could speak to that poor black gentleman opposite ; I am afraid he is a heathen." Some speculation was indulged in about the sleeping traveller, but at last the subject was dropped. Shortly however the lady made some remarks about morality in the present day, as compared with the time when she was young. At this the Doctor opened his eyes and said to her, "Morality Madam," is well enough for this world, but is there not another ?" As soon as the good lady had recovered from her surprise at hearing her native tongue so unexpectedly coming from the lips of the supposed heathen, she replied, "Oh dear, yes sir ; there are

other two worlds.” Indeed ma’am?” “Yes sir, there are Heaven and Hell.” Heaven you know sir, is where the good people go ; but all the bad people go to Hell.” And can you tell me ma’am” asked the doctor, “how I may get to Heaven?” “Oh dear, yes sir : replied the lady, delighted at this opportunity of converting a heathen ; you must pray, and repent, and read your Bible, and do what good you can, and attend a place of worship, and this is the way to Heaven.” “Oh indeed ma’am and how do you know all this ?” “The Bible says so sir.”

“Can you show me it ma’am?” Oh dear, yes if we have got one, but I am afraid that I left my Bible in London ; “perhaps you won’t mind waiting till we reach Folkstone, when I can introduce you to a clergyman, who can tell you all about it ?” “Yes ma’am, but an accident might happen at once, has no one a Bible ? Inquiries all around failed to find a Bible. “I am sorry we haven’t got one sir, but I know it says so,” “I wish I could see it ma’am,” replied the Doctor. “Do you think you could find it in THIS,” producing a Testament ? The lady evidently wondering who the heathen was, took the book, saying “Oh yes sir, I can find it for you.” After she had been turning over the pages for some time, Dr. Davis took the book and said “allow me ma’am,” and turning to John 3-16, read *For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever beliveth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.*” “Is that it ?” “Yes sir the very one.” ‘Now madam here I am, by the grace of God a christian not a poor ignorant heathen ; and on inquiring the way of salvation, you tell me I am to do this, that and the other ; but not a word not a syllable of what God has done for me. Do you call it good news to tell a poor heathen that he must **DO, DO, DO.** when here I find that God so loved the world that he gave his only son, and it is all **DONE, DONE, DONE.** A lady who had been sitting silently next the doctor, in the train, came to him on the pier at Folkstone and said : “you have opened my eyes this day to see that it is what God has done that is my salvation,

and not what I am to do." Dear reader how is it with you? Are you wrapped in a web of your own spinning, resting on Morality and reformation when Jesus says *Ye must be born again.*

Done is the work that saves
Once and forever done ;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes, the unrighteous one.

—)o(—

HE HAD NO SONG.

Hoping it may be for the glory of God and the good of souls I will relate the principal particulars of an incident which occurred some time ago "Several years ago as I, (J. H. W.) was passing out of meeting one evening, a lady asked me to go and see her husband who was very sick. When I entered the room I found him sitting in an easy chair, as he could not lie down for coughing. After a few words about his bodily ailments, I asked him about his soul. He replied, "**I THINK I AM ALL RIGHT.**" I said, "what do you mean by that?" "Well," he replied, "I think my chances for getting to Heaven are pretty good." I felt that he was not real, so I said, "Do you believe that heaven is a reality?" He said, "Yes." "Is it true that there is a Hell?" He replied, "Yes. I believe it." "And you have an immortal soul that will be in one or the other of these places forever?" "Yes," he said earnestly. "Now, will you please tell me why you think your chances of getting to heaven are so good?" "Well, he replied "I have always been kind to my wife and children, and have not intentionally wronged my fellow men." "That's all very good I said, and its nice to be able to say that, but now tell me what do you think they do in

heaven? He replied. "It must be a happy place, and I think they sing a good deal" Turning to Rev. 2-5, I said, "Yes, they do sing there, and I'll just read you a song they sing. It is this : *"unto him that loved us; and washed us from our sins in his own blood,"* &c. You see they are not saying anything about what they have done, but they sing **SING ABOUT WHAT JESUS DONE**; they sing the **BLOOD SOLO** because *through the blood* they were admitted to the Father's house of many mansions. They gained their seats in endless bliss, because they washed their robes, and made them white **IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB**. Now, suppose you got to heaven in the way you say, because you have been good to your wife and children, &c. You would be getting there *without a Saviour*, would you not? You would not be in heaven **WITHOUT A SONG**, would you?" I waited for an answer, his head dropped and his eyes were turned to the floor. I shall never forget his look as he raised his eyes and replied, "well I nev-er th-ought of th-at be-fore." He was now ready to give up his **FALSE HOPE**, and frankly own that he was a sinner and needed a Saviour. It was now a pleasure to me to read to him that "*Christ Jcsus came into the world to save sinners.*" I read some other suitable portions, and left him for the night still anxious about his soul. I called the next morning to see him. As I entered he looked up with joy in his face, and said, "**OH ! I'LL HAVE A SONG NOW,**" and it will be "*Unto him that loved us, and washed us f om our sins in his own blood.*" He lingered a few days longer, and then fell asleep **RESTING ON THE BLOOD.**" Reader will you be able to sing this song, or will you have to say "*I am tormented in this flame*?" It will be one or the other very soon—for death is coming, and after death the judgment—then whosoever is not fonnd written in the Book of Life shall be cast into the lake of fire. Hasten, then, my friend (if unsaved) to Christ, and shelter under his blood and righteousness.

STORY OF AN IRISH BOY AND HIS TEXT.

One cold, wintry night a poor Irish boy stood in the street of Dublin—a little city arab, homeless, houseless, friendless. He had taken to bad courses, and become an associate of thieves, who were leading him on the broad road to destruction. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary, and appointed him to meet them in a certain street, at a certain hour. As he stood there, waiting, shivering, and cold, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark, he could only see a tall form standing by him, and he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said, "Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? Such as you have no business in the streets at so late an hour; go home, go to bed." "I have no home, and no bed to go to." "That's very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a home and to a bed if I provided one?" "That would I, sharp!" replied the boy. "Well in such a street and at such a number (indicating the place) you will find a bed." Before he could add more the lad started off. "Stop!" said the voice, "how are you going to get in? you need a pass; no one can go in there without a pass. Can you read?" "No sir." Well, remember that the pass is **JOHN III-16**; don't forget or they won't let you in, **JOHN III-16**. There, that's something that will do you good." Joyfully the lad rushed off, repeating his lesson, and soon found himself in the street and at the number indicated, before a pair of large iron gates. Then his heart failed him, they looked so grand. How could he get in there? Timidly he rang the bell. The night porter opened, and in a gruff voice asked, "Who's there?" Me, sir. Please sir, I am **JOHN THREE SIXTEEN**," in very trembling tones. "All right; in with you, that's the pass," and in the boy went. He was soon in a nice warm bed and between sheets such as he had never seen before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep he thought, "This is a lucky name, I'll stick to it!" The next

morning he was given a bowl of hot bread and milk before being sent out into the street (for this home was only for a night.) He wandered on and on, fearful of meeting his old companions; thinking over his new name, when heedlessly crossing a crowded thoroughfare he was run over. A crowd collected, the unconscious form was placed on a shutter and carried to the nearest hospital. He revived as they entered. It is usual in Dublin hospitals to put down the religion as well as the name and address of those admitted. They asked him whether he was a Catholic or Protestant. "Sure, he didn't quite know. Yesterday he was a Catholic, but now he was **JOHN THREE SIXTEEN.**" This reply excited a laugh. After his injuries had been attended to he was carried into the accident ward. In a short time his sufferings brought on fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and oft repeated, **JOHN III-16!** *It was to do me good, and so it has!*

These persistent cries aroused the other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see to what he pointed. What could he mean? and here one and there another read the precious words, "*For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.*" ('It was to do me good, and so it has!' the sufferer cried.) When those poor sick folk read the tender words, and heard the unconscious comment "*It was to do me good, and so it has!*" the spirit stirred within them, and the holy Ghost used that text then, and there to the conversion of souls. There was "joy in the presence of the Angels of God" over sinners that repented. The sovereign power of God the Holy Ghost used this **ONE TEXT** from the lips of a poor ignorant boy, in that hospital ward, and souls were saved.

Consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him; how vast it looked! and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said, "**JOHN THREE SIXTEEN**, and how are you to-day?" "Why, how do you know my new name? "Know it you've never ceased

with your **JOHN THREE SIXTEEN**, and I for one say, *Blessed John Three sixteen!*" This sounded strange to the little lad's ears. To be called "blessed," he for whom no one cared. "And don't you know where it comes from? It is from the Bible." "The Bible, what's that?" The poor little waif had never heard of the bible, that blessed book, God's word to man. "Read it to me," he said, and as the words fell on his ear he muttered, "That's beautiful! it's all about about love, and not a home for a night, but a home for always!" He soon learnt the text, saying, I've not only got a new name, but something to it!"

Days passed on and there were changes in the ward, but our little friend never felt lonely; he *fed* on his text and its precious words.

Another soul in that ward was to be won to Christ by his means, and now in simple conscious faith he was to be the agent of blessing. On a cot near him lay an old man who was very ill. Early one morning a nun came to his bedside, and said, "Patrick, how is it with you to-day?" "Badly, badly!" groaned the old man. "Has the priest been to see you?" asked the nun. "Oh yes, but that makes it worse, for he has anointed me with the holy oil, and I am marked for death. I'm no' fit to die—oh what shall I do?" "Patrick, it's very sad to see you so," she gently answered; "look! here are these beads, they have been blessed by His Holiness the Pope, and they will help you to die happy." She placed them around the man's neck, and then, wishing him good-by, went out. But how could a string of beads ease a dying man facing eternity with his sins unforgiven? Poor Patrick groaned aloud. "God ha' mercy," he cried; "I'm such a sinner, I'm no' fit to die. What shall I do? oh, what will become of me?"

Our little fellow heard his miserable words. "Poor old man," thinks he, "he wants a *pass*." "Patrick" he called, "I know something that will do you good—quite sure—it has done me." "Tell me, tell me quickly," cried Patrick. "If only I

could find something to do me good." "Here it is! Now listen, **JOHN III-16.** Are you listening?" "Yes, yes; go on." **JOHN III-16.** *For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish but have everlasting life.*" Through these words Patrick found peace in his dying hour, and entered into everlasting life—another soul brought to Christ in that hospital ward by means of a single text blessed by the Holy Spirit. Our little friend recovered. For long **JOHN THREE SIXTEEN** was his only text. God blessed his simple faith; friends placed him at school, and now he is an honest, hearty worker for the Master.

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A FEW REMARKS ON REPENTANCE.

• **God Commandeth all men everywhere to repent.**
Acts 17-30.

Dear reader, although there are passages where *only faith* is mentioned in order to salvation, yet repentance is implied; for faith and repentance are bound together in the same bundle of life—they are bosom friends, and like holiness and happiness, go hand in hand and are always found together. Passages where faith alone is mentioned are generally found to be presented to the **ANXIOUS**, for they (like Nicodemus and the Philippian Jailer) are already penitent.

To press upon impenitent sinners, such glorious messages as contained in John 3-14, 15, 16 and Acts 16-31, would be like "*casting pearls before swine*," and Jesus forbade his disciples to do so Matt. 7-6, and Paul warned Timothy to "*rightly divide the word of truth*," 1 Tim. 2-15 True faith and repentance are sure to bring forth **FRUIT**, as seen in the case of those converts who burned their bad books, Acts 19-19, and also in the case of Zaccheus who made restitution to those whom he had wronged.

Yes, the religion of the Lord Jesus will make honest citizens, it will make good husbands, good wives and good children. Some professing christians seem to be lacking in these things, for the Bible is neglected or seldom read, the family altar is neglected, private prayer is neglected, their childrens' spiritual welfare is neglected, &c. I fear such persons *are not born again*, for their lives yield no fruit—**NOTHING BUT LEAVES!**

—)o(—

THE NEW AND LIVING WAY or LAW AND GRACE CONTRASTED.

Dear Reader—Permit me to draw your attention briefly to two very important subjects,— viz : **LAW** and **GRACE**. By the term *law* I refer more especially to the *moral law* which is comprehended in the ten commandments :—and has also been referred to as *the covenant of works* and *old way*. This law is holy, just and good. A perfect and holy God could not give to his creature—(man) an unjust or unholy law. Man debased himself, and became fallen and depraved by sin ;—but God could not lower and debase his holy law to the level of man's depravity. This perfect law is just as holy now as when God gave it to Moses on Sinai—but man has fallen. Many self-righteous persons (notwithstanding their depravity) still hope to reach Heaven through their obedience to this holy law. Such persons dont seem to understand that the only way to gain heaven by the law is **TO KEEP IT PERFECTLY**—*every moment of life*. For God's word says "*He that offendeth in ONE POINT is guilty of all*, James 2-10, and **CURSED IS EVERYONE** *that continueth not in ALL THINGS which are written in the book of the law*, &c., Gal. 3-10, consequently all who are seeking eternal life and a place in Heaven by their fancied obedience to the law, **ARE CURSED** :—because they have not continued in *all things*. God's word declares that

“**ALL** ‘have sinned and’ **COME SHORT**,” Rom. 2.23. Such persons are only ‘Moralists.’ But Jesus says, “Ye must be born again.” Perhaps the reader may (at this juncture) be led to say, “of what use then is the law?” Let the word of God answer, “That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God,” Rom. 3-19. The law is **GOD’S MIRROR** (so to speak) in which sinners may see their sin-spots, depravity and defilement—for “**BY THE LAW IS THE KNOWLEDGE OF SIN**,” Rom. 3-20. It also may be termed **GOD’S BALANCES** in which sinners are weighed and ‘found wanting,’ Dan. 5-27. And the law is also God’s **SCHOOL-MASTER** to bring or drive sinners to Christ, Gal. 3-24. And for these ends and purposes this holy law shall remain and be established. Now my reader I hope you see that your **ONLY CHANCE** of Heaven and acceptance with God is by the **NEW** and **LIVING** way, see Heb. 10-20. This divinely instituted way of acceptance is through **THE BLOOD OF JESUS** or ‘Christ himself, for he says, **I AM THE WAY**, John 14-6. “He that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber,” John 10-1. “The law came by Moses. Grace came by Jesus Christ,” John 1-17. The law says, “the wages of sin is Death.” Grace says, “the gift of God is eternal life, &c.,” Rom. 6-23. The law says, “the soul that sinneth shall die.” Grace says, “Whosoever believeth in Jesus, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in him **SHALL NEVER DIE**,” St John 11-25, 26. The law pronounces ‘condemnation’ and ‘death.’ Grace proclaims ‘justification and life.’ The law says that “thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, strength &c.” Grace says, “Herein is love not that we loved God but that **HE LOVED US**, and sent his son to be the propitiation for our sins,” I John 4-10. The law says, “This do, and thou shalt live.” Grace says, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whoso ever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life,” St. John 3-16.

Now dear reader, God is waiting to be gracious, but if you trample upon his grace, like swine upon pearls, then God must

deal with you not in grace—but in judgment. And God (out of Christ) “is a consuming fire,” Heb. 12.39. Beware then, my friend, and do not trifle with the grace of God.

Go you that ‘rest upon the law’
And madly seek salvation there ;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble and despair.

But I’ll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;
And the keen sword that Justice draws
Flaming and red—‘shall pass me by.’

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THE WEDDING AND THE BEAUTIFUL ROBE.

The night had been stormy ; the morning was splendid. Everything was covered with a sparkling mantle ; not a spot was seen to tarnish its unsullied whiteness. Mud, mire, dead leaves, fallen limbs, stones, ditches, and all crooked things were alike hid beneath the feathery coat of little stars, which shot out in every direction, and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun.

“Cold, cold as Lapland, Nora,” said a gentleman, while coming out of a fine country seat which stood in the midst of this wintry scene ; “but if you are warmly clad it will do you no harm.” And he advanced, followed by a young lady well wrapped in a cloak of fur.

“What a morning for the wedding” she said, shivering ; “but how beautiful, how grand this is ! See, not a spot anywhere ! to the very tip of every twig on the trees seem loaded with diamonds. It is almost a pity to soil this beautiful carpet,—but please wait a little, uncle, I dropped my handkerchief there by the door. Oh,

how dirty it looks ! I must run in and get another, this cannot be mine." But very soon she came again saying, "Yes, this is the very one I had prepared, but it has such a strange color that I thought I was mistaken."

"I hope you have not done worse and put on a dirty dress, Nora," said the uncle gravely. "You know it is going to be a brilliant company at our friend's this morning." A cloud came over the young lady's face as she looked at her dress, for it seemed truly dirty, of a yellowish dirty white. But suddenly she looked bright again, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I know ! I know now ! I know ! You see, uncle, nothing can pretend to be white when put beside freshly-fallen snow. My dress, I have no doubt, will look as white as any other. How stupid I was not to see that at once." "Oh, is that it?" replied the uncle in a knowing way. "Well, we'll see." Thus, conversing happily, they reached the house of the wedding, which was but a short distance away.

"Well, dear uncle, did you notice anything unbecoming in my dress?" asked Nora as they returned home. "No, my dear," gently answered her uncle. "I saw nothing different from those of all your companions. You all looked dirty in comparison with the spotless purity of the scenery without."

"Well, this a very unfavorable day for white dresses," said Nora, with a little feeling. "But, uncle, I never would have thought you could observe so much, or take so much interest in the appearance of my dress."

"My child," answered her uncle, "everything which concerns you interests me ; and, being invited to another wedding, at which I desire you to accompany me, it is important that the dress you are to wear be carefully prepared beforehand."

"Where can that be, uncle?" asked the young lady with surprise. "It must be an important occasion that you should think of my dress for it."

"It is the only thing for which I am anxiously careful about your dress, my precious child." said he lovingly, as he looked into that youthful face turned toward his, and now glowing with an ex-

pression both of doubt and curiosity. "It is the supper of **THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB**. Is my Nora ready to go with me? Is her dress white and beautiful enough to bear the scrutinizing look of the King when he comes in to see his guests? It must be white as snow, **BRIGHT AS THE LIGHT**; have you that robe on, my child?"

"I fear not, uncle," she said, hesitating. "I am afraid I am not holy enough for God's searching look."

"Then, my dear, you cannot go in without being again cast out by the Bridegroom, for **YOU MUST HAVE ON THE ROBE** that He Himself has prescribed."

"I sincerely desire to be good, dear uncle, you have no idea how many resolutions I have already made, but it is so difficult to keep them. This winter I have begun to work for the poor and to visit them; I give all I can spare; I teach a class in Sunday School, and all those things are good, are they not?"

"Excellent, my dear, and of good reputation, but they are like your white dress, which did very well among them that were no whiter, but which, when beside the snow, was, as you know quite dirty. Compare your efforts with after holiness, your good resolutions and the good works you have just named, with the 'righteousness of God,' pure and spotless, and see how it all looks."

"I confess," she answered thoughtfully, "it all looks like my handkerchief on the freshly fallen snow—'a dirty rag.'"

"Quite so, dear Nora. Then we must renounce the hope of weaving with our good resolutions or good works, a dress for 'that wedding,' must we not? Nothing that we can possibly produce can be presented to God, either to atone for the past, or for a title to heaven. If left to ourselves, we are in a sad plight to answer the invitation to attend the great wedding of the **KING OF KING'S**. Yet we must be there, sharers of the joy and glory of the King, or else **OUTSIDE FOREVER**, with woe and shame for our portion. Have you seriously considered the matter, my dear Nora, or do you put it off as too sober and disagreeable?"

"It has, I own, never seemed so interesting as now, dear

uncle," she replied. "Your way of introducing it makes me desire to go farther. I have put off the subject so much from my thoughts, that I fear it has hardened my heart ; but I do long to know how I may be sure of being one of the guests at that great supper."

"There is a robe my dear child—**A ROBE OF MARVELOUS BEAUTY**—prepared for all who—putting aside every other, desire earnestly to be clothed with it. It is a robe of great price yet 'a free gift.' In a word **IT IS CHRIST HIMSELF.**"

"Christ our Righteousness," Jer. 23-6, believing in him, with the consciousness of our weakness and sinful condition, apprehending him as the one whose precious blood has put away our sins—this is to be saved. It is to put on the robe which will bear the closest examination possible which will shine in beauty immaculate forever. Thus clad we can sing with the prophet, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God ; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with **THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS**, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels," Isa. 61-10. Paul, also was bent on this, to be **Found in Christ** &c., Phil. 3-9. Do you understand all this, Nora?"

"I think I do, uncle. It is like this : we are, as it were, to 'hide ourselves in another,' and that other is the Son of God ; so that when God thus looks at us He 'sees nothing of us at all,' but **Only Christ.** Isn't that it?"

"Yes, my dear child. May your heart take hold of this. It is what God says in his word, and all he says is reality. When it becomes a reality to us also, then we possess it, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

"I see," said Nora, thoughtfully, "that I have been greatly mistaken this long time, and I believe many are in the same way. I thought that by doing good, caring for the poor, &c., that God would be well pleased with me, and in the end have mercy on me."

"My Nora is not the first little Pharisee who has formed this

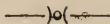
plan ; it is the religion of the natural heart. But it is only in God's Book we find 'the way, the truth and the life.' You could not, by a whole lifetime of tears and penitence, blot out a single sin. Here is what is said of the redeemed: 'They have washed their robes and made them **White** in the **Blood of the Lamb**," Rev. 7-14. "He that hath not the Son of God **Hath not Life**," I John 5-12.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you ready to go into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb? Have you on the **Wedding Garment**? Read Mat. 22-11, 13. Or are you, like Nora, trying to be a Christian **Without Christ**? God's blessed Word teaches us to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." This is the true wedding garment. If you neglect to put on this God-provided robe, I know you shall fare worse than Adam, who fled from the presence of the Lord God, saying, "I WAS NAKED AND I HID MYSELF." In writing this little book I desire by the blessed aid of the **Holy Ghost**, to **Lift up Christ** as the only hope of a lost and ruined world. But I fear many of my readers are more anxious about their bodily attire—'about their dress' and the 'latest fashions'—than they are about what robe they shall wear at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. These votaries of 'fashion' these slaves of 'dress,' spend more precious time before the looking-glass than they do before the Throne of Grace; more time in arranging their costume, than in studying the Word of God. They are more frequently found with a magazine or novel in their hand, than with the Holy Bible. Dr. Talmage gives his experience, that in visiting these slaves of fashion on their death-beds, that they "die hard, apparently **Without hope**, without God and without Christ."

Oh, then, my reader (if unsaved), hasten and "put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 13-14), lest death overtake you on the pale horse, or the KING comes suddenly to see the guests, and find you **Without the Wedding Garment**.

How sad! how terrible! to live a 'Christless life,' to die a 'Christless death,' to be wrapped in a 'Christless shroud,' to be

buried in a 'Christless grave, and to spend—oh, awful!—a
Christless Eternity !



THE TRANSFERRED BURDEN.



“If our transgressions and sins be **Upon Us**, and we pine away in them how should we then live?” (Ezek 33-10.) If they are upon us, how can we live? “For mine iniquities are as an **HEAVY BURDEN**, they are too heavy for me.” No one could bear his ‘own’ iniquity without being sunk lower and lower, and at last to Hell by it. My reader, if this burden be upon us we cannot walk in newness of life, we cannot run in the way of God’s Commandments, we cannot arise and shine. If my reader is one of those who is sorrowing under a weight of sin, I beseech you be comforted, for God has laid the burden of thy sins **Upon Another**.

It is written, “The Lord hath **Laid on Him** the iniquity of us all,” Isa. 53-6. On Jesus it has been laid, on him who alone could bear the intolerable burden; therefore it is **Not Upon** His justified ones, who ‘accept Him’ as their sinbearer. This burden is never divided. He took it **ALL**, every item, every detail of it. The Scapegoat bore “upon Him” all their iniquities.

Think of every separate sin, each that has weighed down our conscience, every transgression of our most careless moments, add to this the unknown weight of the forgotten sins of our whole life, and **ALL THIS** laid upon **JESUS**, instead of upon us. The sins of a **DAY** are often a burden indeed, but we are told in another type, “I have laid upon Thee the **Years** of their iniquity.” Think of the years of ‘our’ iniquity being laid upon Jesus. Multiply this by the sin-burdens of all his people, and remember that “the Lord hath laid **On Him** the iniquity of ‘us all,’ Isa. 53-6, and

then think what the strength of His enduring love must be, which thus bore "the sins of many."

Think of His bearing them "in **His Own** body on the tree." We cannot lay them upon Him, Jehovah HAS DONE THAT ALREADY, and His work is perfect, can we doubt the Father's love to us, when we think what it must have cost him to lay that that CRUSHING WEIGHT on His dear son, sparing him not, that He might spare 'us' instead? The Son accepted the awful burden; it was 'death to Him, that there might be 'life' for us. And these sins, being laid on Him," how shall we now live? "He died 'for all,' that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, 'but unto Him who died 'for them,' and rose again."

My dear reader, how we should love and live for Jesus, who **Took Our Place** in death, that we might be saved. We should daily praise the Lord for providing a SUBSTITUTE. Please read Exod. 13-13 and see how the innocent lamb saved the poor ass that was doomed to a broken neck. This is a good illustration of 'our case'; we were doomed to die, but just as the 'lamb saved the ass,' so also the 'Lamb' of God gave Himself 'for us,' and in His LOVE and PITY He 'redeemed' us. Henceforth may our language be—

1 "Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 "Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful to Thee.

- 3 "Take my voice and let me sing
 Always, only for my King;
 Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.

CHO.—"So that all my powers combine
 To adore Thy grace divine;
 Heart and soul, a living flame,
 Glorifying Thy great name."

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THE HEAVENLY LADDER.

Dear Reader—Permit me to draw your attention very briefly to JACOB'S DREAM, which is recorded in the twenty-eight chapter of Genesis. "Many dreams are not only unpleasant, but vain and unprofitable. Not so with this one. How sweet and refreshing this beautiful dream or vision of the night must have been to the lone sleeper as he reposed in the arms of slumber, far from home and on his pillow of stone.

Love this beautiful dream because **Christ is in it.** I Can trace my blessed Jesus here both in 'type' and 'promise.' I understand that there is 'fire in almost everything with which we come in contact. In like manner you can scarcely tap the Bible anywhere but Christ may be found. When the Holy Ghost lifts the curtain from these lovely Bible narratives, **Jesus Appears.** the 'ladder' with its shining messengers is to me a striking type of Christ. Jesus said (St. John 1-51), "Hereafter ye shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending upon the son of man." We may infer from this and other passages that Christ is Himself the **Heavenly Ladder**, or medium of ascension, and also of descension between Heaven and earth, and between God and man. My reader you know how readily one person can ascend

and another descend by means of a ladder ; even so Jesus is the divine ladder or 'new' and 'living' way by which poor 'fallen' sinners can climb to God and Heaven, and through this same Jesus God can **Come Down** to pity and to save. Now, my reader as there is **Only one Ladder** or **Way**, by which you can reach the bright realms of bliss, how 'eager' and 'anxious' you should be to get your feet upon this shining ladder before (like sheet that Peter saw) it be TAKEN UP TO HEAVEN AGAIN; and you left to perish in the gloom of eternal night. Thousands are going up this shining way to see and be with God. Will 'you' neglect this only means of escape and be forever **Lost** ?

"This divine ladder differs from all other ladders. It reaches FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN. All other ladders by which sinners have tried to climb to Heaven have proved **Too Short**, and have landed the deceived climbers in despair. Some try the ladder of 'Morality' and come short. Others try the ladder called 'reformation,' but are not 'born again.' But a testing time is coming when God's hail 'will sweep away' every refuge of lies," Isa. 28-17. And only those who are **Found in Christ** shall be safe. For there is no other name whereby we can be saved. This name —JESUS, wafts our prayers on high, and this name is the **Magic Key** that unlocks the pearly 'gates of Heaven to believers of every clime.

Then "He that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber," John 10-1.

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe ;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, oh how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.

‘A WONDERFUL PLANT.’

Praise the Lord ! I have found a SWEET-SCENTED PLANT in my Bible, and it is called the ‘plant of renown.’ Ezek. 34-29. This lovely rose, or plant of inspiration, differs from all other plants, both in its history and other striking peculiarities. It can scarcely be classed either with the annual, biennial or perennial, as its influence and existence are felt, and extend into future ages, beyond the shadowy limits of time. Some plants are found, and will thrive only in certain climates ; but this plant can flourish, and may be found IN EVERY CLIMATE, from the ice-fields of Greenland to the burning sands of Arabia. Some plants possess but few medicinal properties. Not so with this one. Its leaves are for the healing of the nations ; thousands have been healed by its virtues, and are now walking in newness of life. ‘This is not an obscure plant like many others, but (as it has very truthfully been called) a plant of ‘renown.’ Its name has been heard—its virtues heralded, and its beauty spoken of in almost every land. Some plants have a nice leaf and a pretty flower, but ‘no scent.’ Not so with the ‘plant of renown.’ It is an AROMATIC. Its fragrance perfumes HEAVEN and EARTH. It scents our HOPES ; it scents our SONGS ; it lends sweet incense to our PRAYERS ; it scents the SICK-ROOM as no bouquet of flowers can do ; it scents the BIBLE LEAVES so profusely that their various narratives, prophecy, and wonderful history, all seem fragrant with its ‘aroma’ and sweet perfume.

My dear reader,—If all our words, prayers, actions, letters, &c., were perfumed with the ‘essence’ of this plant, how mighty they would be for good. Our actions would be GENTLENESS ; our words LOVE, and our voices SONG.

My friend—this plant of my text ‘points to Jesus,’ for He has been called the ROSE of ‘Sharon,’ and the LILY of the Valley, and many other beautiful and significant names. Sol. song 2-1. I hope you have come to this Jesus, and found in Him “the one

Altogether Lovely," Sol.-Song, 5-16, and been lead to exclaim with the Psalmist, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia," &c., Ps. 45-8.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

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SPIRITUAL LIFE—ITS CARE AND DEVELOPMENT.

Dear Reader—If you are a child of God your Heavenly Father is desirous that you should *grow in grace* and in the *know edg* of our Lord Jesus Christ, 2 Pet. 3-18.

That which is true of the body and natural life is alike applicable to the soul. In order to preserve the body in growth, health and strength several things are necessary—such as proper diet, regularity in eating, cleanliness, exercise, &c. Much of the food partaken of in the present day is *not* proper diet. Spiced meats, pickles, rich cake &c. are not healthy. When you find that you cannot enjoy a plate of roast beef unless you have a spoonful of horse-radish, or your bread seems to be insipid unless it be coated with syrup or apple jelly, it is not a sign that anything is lacking in the meat, or that the bread has no nutritive qualities, but it is a sign that your appetite is somewhat *depraved*. Be alarmed when you find yourself looking for the spiced *literary* meals which are so lavishly served up in the present day. A healthy spiritual life *cannot* be maintained by such food. Your soul will starve if fed on such food, or upon newspaper items only. Get proper food. **Feed upon the Word of God.**

The Bible is the *best* and most proper food for the maintenance

of spiritual life. Its unwasting chapters have supplied armies and multitudes of faint and hungry saints, but (like the miracle of the loaf which increased by using, and fed without diminution) there is not a particle gone. To the end the loaf shall be broken and shall yield a liberal abundance for every human want. It is *THAT* bread which gives, sustains, and develops a healthful spiritual life. Also have daily seasons for prayer. The more you have to do the greater need you have for prayer. Luther used to say, "I have so much to do this day that I shall never be able to accomplish it unless I have **four hours of prayer.**"

Then you must have **Exercise.** A man may eat proper food and eat regularly, but if he fails to take exercise he will soon become diseased. So also a Christian must not only have proper spiritual-food, but also good, healthful exercise—such as teaching in the Sabbath-school, visiting the sick, giving tracts, speaking to the unsaved about their souls, &c. Dear reader I have been trying to impress upon your mind the necessity of **PROPER FOOD** and **EXERCISE** in order to growth in grace—but in order to a good symmetrical Christianity there must be also **CLEANLINESS.** This is absolutely necessary to the attainment of *perfect* health. "**BE YE CLEAN,**" is God's command. Remember Christians are *temples* of the *Holy Ghost*, I Cor. 3-16. As Christians how careful we should ever be, lest we defile the temple of God, which is *our body*. For the glory of God, and the good and better health of our souls let us be clean—**CLEAN CHRISTIANS**, clean from **TOBACCO**, clean from **STRONG DRINK**, clean from **CARDS**, clean from **NOVELS**, clean from the **VAIN FASHIONS IN DRESS**, for remember Christians should set (not follow) the fashions.

"Such care and attention will result in **HEALTH**—a prize of incalculable value. Health is the golden chain that unites us to friends, and renders our companionship the source of pleasure and profit. Health sends the blood through the heart to gambol in the veins, toning and strengthening the nerves as they bind and encompass the muscles; it takes away the marks of care from the

brow, fills the hollow cheek, and imparts vitality to every organ of the frame. And what health is to the natural man, so spiritual health is to the Christian. It fits him to serve the Lord in the **BEAUTY OF HOLINESS** while here on earth, and eventually to share in the sweet delights and glories of "**THE BETTER LAND.**"

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THE SMOKER'S DREAM.

A dream was related to me not long ago about as follows :—
 "A certain lady who was a heavy smoker, after retiring for the night fell asleep, and while sleeping dreamt that she died, and shortly after found herself at the gate of Heaven. An angel stood at the gate. Upon seeing the angel at the gate she enquired if her name was in the Book of Life." The angel went to see if her name was there, but soon returned saying, "I don't see your name in the book." Our lady smoker upon hearing this intreated the angel to search again. The angel friend did so with the same result as before. Our lady friend being now alarmed besought earnestly the shining messenger to search the book once more. He went to look in the book again, and after considerable delay returned saying, "I have found your name, but there was such **A CLOUD OF SMOKE** around it that it was with difficulty I made it out." I was given to understand that she took the warning and *never smoked again.*

I also relate a **TEMPERANCE INCIDENT** for the benefit of my reader-friends, which is as follows :—

"Doctor," said a lady at a fashionable dinner party, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter. "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter. "I have not done so for many years, in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to

know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink came often to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him on account of his terrible habit. One day I said to this man, "Why will you not say here and now—before God, and in his help, **I WILL NEVER TASTE LIQUOR AGAIN.**" The man said, "Doctor if you were in my place you would not say that." I answered, "Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment." And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation, and then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he who was losing his soul and body found a position, kept it and became not only a sober but godly man."

The man thus saved from intemperance by Dr. Potter was shot by an Indian in the west while on an errand of mercy to that Indian tribe. A tablet to his memory has been placed in Grace Chapel, New York.

I have related the two foregoing incidents, hoping that God will bless the reading of them to some souls. For I believe these two evils **TOBACCO** and **LIQUOR** have degraded and ruined thousands of souls. Remember my reader, you are **YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER**. I hope you will try to follow the noble example of Dr. Potter, who gave up his wine rather than lead a weak brother astray; and surely every professing Christian will give up *tobacco* rather than lead others (even little boys) into such a useless and God-dishonoring habit. My friend, can you ask God to bless these things to your soul and body? If not, beware—for the Holy Ghost says, "Whether therefore you eat or drink or *whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,*" I Cor. 10-31.

Dear reader, as I stated before, you are your brother's Keeper. Like as Miriam watched her little brother, Moses, in his basket of bul-

rushes by the river Nile, so we should watch and seek to shield our brother from Satan's subtle wiles. The wise man says **THE LITTLE FOXES SPOIL THE VINES**, Sol-Song, 2-12. Just so my friend, what are often looked upon as little sins or little failings spoil our joys, mar our peace of soul, weaken our testimony for Christ, and damp our devotion and our songs. Then let us resolve, by the grace of God, to *lay aside every weight* and walk as children of light and of the day. God has plenty of light for us if we will let it in. But we are often like *foolish housewives* who shut out God's beautiful sunlight from their rooms, and thus harbor dampness, disease and death, rather than have the **CARPET FADE**. Child of God, **THROW OFF THE BLINDS**—the dark blinds of sin and let the beautiful light of God shine into your soul. Don't let the *little foxes* (little errors) keep you **OUT OF HEAVEN**, but live—oh, live! so that you may have an *abundant entrance* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Don't be like the **FRUITLESS FIG TREE** which (although planted in a vineyard) bore no fruit. You are placed in the *vineyard* of Christianity and surrounded by the good soil of gospel privileges. On all sides churches and ministers, consequently, your stripes *shall be many* if you remain fruitless. Write about Jesus in your letters, talk about Jesus in your walks, sing about him in your songs, and thus *bear fruit* unto God.

Work for, work for, I will work for Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I'll work for him.

I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

I infer by reading the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus that those who had got into debt and lost their possessions and homes before the year of jubilee—that on the arrival of that glad year they got their property and homes back again, Surely it must have been a year of rejoicing for all poor people who had previously been in debt and bondage. How pleasant to them to go back to their homes again and enjoy their families and possessions once more. What a glad sound the trumpet gave in the year of jubilee. Fathers rejoiced; mothers rejoiced, and children were glad. It was a time of liberty and general rejoicing all over the land. Parents were returning to their homes, families were coming together again, and *old debts* were **WIPE OUT**. My reader we lost in Adam all our title to the heavenly possessions and became involved in a great debt of sin which we could never pay. All our right and title was confiscated and lost beyond our power ever to recover. But God, out of love and pity, sent Jesus to redeem And now the **GOSPEL TRUMPET** sounds out the joyful news that we can have *back* (through Christ) *all* that we lost in Adam. God, for *His sake*, can cancel and **WIPE OUT** all our old debts, as in the year of jubilee. By reading the 48th verse of this chapter I think we may readily infer that some of the people lost not only their possessions, but became bondmen themselves became slaves, and consequently under servitude and bondage. While in this sad condition, if he who was thus in bondage had a rich uncle or brother who was able and willing to redeem him, then he could soon obtain his liberty again. But if his kindred were poor and none of them able to redeem him, then he must remain a slave. Please get your Bible and read prayerfully this verse three or four times, for it seems to meet *our case* exactly. We, by our sins, sold ourselves for nought, Isa. 52-3, and became bond-servants or slaves (so to speak.) In this deplorable state no man was able to redeem his brother. We had no earthly friend of kin who

was able to redeem us. In this fearful dilemma God himself devised a plan to deliver and rescue us. Jesus, his own dear son, became bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and thus became near of kin to us. Then he hasted to our rescue and paid the price of our redemption. He paid it not with silver and gold, but gave **HIMSELF** a **RANSOM** for all, 1 Tim. 2.6

And now God in his word says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit **I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM**," Job 33-24. And Jesus says to those who trust in Him, "Fear not, for **I HAVE REDEEMED THEE**," Isa 43-1. Yes, my reader, it cost God the richest jewel in Heaven to redeem us. And henceforth let us live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who loved us and gave *Himself* for us.

"I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his wondrous love to me ;
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and *set me free*.
Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer," &c

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POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

Dear Reader—I wish to impress your mind with the power of *little things*, as the the Holy Ghost may help me. I am glad that God does use little things, and for that reason I hope and pray he will use my *little book* to lead souls to Christ, and to stir up Christians to **ARISE** and **SHINE** for God. "For God hath chosen the *foolish things* of the world to confound the wise ; and *weak things* to confound the mighty, and *base things* of the world and *despised* things hath He chosen," &c. See 1 Cor. 1-27, 28.

Nearly all the men that Christ chose to build up his kingdom

and to preach the gospel were weak men, in a worldly sense. They were men without rank, without title, without wealth or culture. When God wanted to bring the children of Isreal out of bondage, He did not send an army; He sent *one* solitary man. Moses tried to excuse himself, saying that he was not eloquent, &c. At last the Lord said to Moses, "**WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?**" Moses had a rod in his hand, perhaps a few days before he had cut it to drive the sheep with, yet God sent him to deliver a nation from the power and bondage of a mighty king with a simple *rod* in his hand. God can use a worm to thresh the mountains. God linked His power to that contemptible rod, and it became mighty indeed. When Moses wanted to bring up the plagues on the people, he had only to stretch out the *rod* and they covered the land. When they came to the Red Sea the rod was again held out and the waters divided. With this rod Moses struck the flinty rock in the desert, and the waters gushed forth. Let us learn a lesson from this history. We are required to use whatever God has put **IN OUR HAND**, if it is only half a talent, surely it will be good as a rod. God used weak and despised things—such as frogs, locusts, flies, &c. in Egypt to conquer and subdue a mighty and proud monarch. My, fellow Christian, be encouraged then to engage in the service of your Lord and Master. Surely you can do something to advance the Kingdom of your Redeemer since God can use locusts, flies, &c. in his service.

A few years ago Dr. McKay returned from China (where he had been laboring as a missionary) to his native county, Oxford, Canada West, and solicited contributions in money from the people to aid him in building a college out in China where Christian instruction might be imparted. The people responded heartily. Even *little children* gave their mite so as to have **A BRICK IN THE WALL**. Dr. McKay soon returned to China and succeeded in building a handsome college which he named OXFORD COLLEGE, after his native county. My reader, I relate this incident hoping it may stimulate you to try and have, not a brick,

but **A LIVING STONE** in the temple of your Redeemer. Praise God it is our privilege to be builders on the walls of the spiritual Zion. I don't think angels have such a privilege. If we are instrumental in leading even *one* soul to Christ we shall have not only a *Stone in the temp'e* of our God, but we shall also have **A STAR** in our crown. Oh, to be the means of leading one precious soul to glory! a soul to love and shine for God through the bright ages of bliss; this is better than kingly estate or princely power. The blessed Bible says "*He that winneth souls is wise.*" Pro. 11-30.

If you read the 25th chapter of Exodus you will see that all the people who were willing could take part in making the tabernacle. Some of the rich ones could provide onyx stones, gold and silver, &c., while the poorer class amongst the people could supply oil for the light, or perhaps a badger skin or a little brass. Just so, my dear reader, you and I may not be able or qualified to go as missionaries beyond the seas and lead hundreds to Christ as some have done, but thank God, we may be **Home Missionaries**. We can *give tracts*, we can ask our friends to come to Christ, or we may help in the church or Sabbath school. Mr. Moody in relating an incident says:—

"Years ago, when Illinois was but a young state, there were only a few settlers here and there throughout a large portion. One of these was a man who used to spend his Sundays in hunting and fishing. He was a profane and notoriously wicked man. His little girl went to the Sabbath-school at the log school-house. There she was taught the way into the kingdom of God. When she was converted the teacher tried to tell her how she might be used of God in doing good to others. She thought she would begin with her father. Others had tried to reach him, and had failed to do it, but his own child had more influence with him. It is written, **"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."** She got him to promise to go to the meeting. He came to the door, but at first he would not go in. He had gone to the school when he was young, but one day the boys laughed at him because he had a

little impediment in his speech. He would not go back, and so had never learned to read. However, he was at last induced to go to the Sabbath-school. There he heard of Christ and was converted to God. His little child helped him and others helped him, and he soon learned to read. This man has since been called to his reward ; but about two years ago when I saw him last, if I remember well, that man had established, on the western prairies, between 1,100 and 1,200 Sunday-schools. In addition to all these school-houses, churches have sprung up. There are now hundreds of flourishing churches that have grown out of these little mission schools that he planted. He used to have a Sunday-school horse, a 'Robert Raikes' horse he called him, on which he travelled up and down the country, going into many outlying districts where nothing was being done for Christ. I have heard a great many orators, but I never heard any who could move an audience as he could. There was no impediment in his speech when he began to speak for Christ ; he seemed to have all the eloquence and fire of Heaven. That little girl did what she could, She did a good day's work when she led her father to the Saviour."

My dear reader, if you are the means of leading even **One Soul to Christ**, that one may be instrumental in winning a hundred more, and thus it may be your happy privilege to set a stream in motion that will flow on bearing fruit to God when you are dead and gone. Oh, my reader, there is **Power** in **Little Things**! Power for *good* and power for *evil*, Oh, ever try to remember that your words, actions and life are either helping some one on to God, or pressing some one *down to Hell*. My reader, which is it? On what side is your influence? The company you keep, the places you frequent, the habits you form, the dress you wear, all these exert an influence either for good or *for evil*. Awful thought if *you* should help to 'people hell.' Come then, my friend, and walk with me, the narrow way. Many choose the 'broad way' because on it they find room to gratify their evil desires. Such persons do not like the narrow way,

because on it there is 'no room' for **Saloons**; no room for **Cards**; no room for **Tobacco**; no room for **Novels**; and no room for **Vain Dress** and the goddess of fashion.

But I bless God on this narrow way there 'is room' for **Jesus**; room for **Angels**; room for thousands of **Saints**; room for the **HOLY GHOST**; room for the blessed **BIBLE**, room for **PRAYER**; room for **SONGS** of praise; room for Heaven's **LIGHT**, and glory to stream in, and room for **FLOWERS** called 'peace,' and 'love' and 'joy' to grow and bloom. This is a **SAFE** way, for its walls are **SALVATION** and its gates are **PRAISE**. Isa. 60-18.

Now, my reader, which of these two ways will you choose? The broad way leads to destruction and ends in 'death' and 'Hell.' The narrow way leads to life everlasting, and ends in Heaven with God, in whose presence there is **FULLNESS OF JOY**, and at His right hand **PLEASURES** evermore, Ps. 16-11.

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the beauteous land,

So our little errors
 Lead the soul away,
 From the path of virtue,
 Oft in sin to stray.

WATCHMAN. WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

The watchman said, "The morning cometh, and also the night," &c., Isa 21-11, 12, Yes the 'morning' cometh and also the night. The morning of the resurrection will usher in for God's children a grand and glorious day. A day all serene, beautiful and bright, A day of unclouded sunlight and eternal happiness. Then take courage sorrowing child of God, your little time of trial will soon come to an end and then you shall rest, FOR THE MORNING COMETH.

But, my reader, if you **ARE NOT** a child of God, I do not wish to take the 'Gospel Pearls' or the 'Childrens' Bread' and cast them at your feet lest you trample upon them. The beautiful GOSPEL INCIDENTS which I have embodied in my little book are for ANXIOUS SEEKERS—"not" for 'scoffers of God' and religion. These priceless PEARLS of the gospel cost the Son of God too much to be trampled under the feet of swine (despisers of God.). To all such I would sound the alarm and say **THE NIGHT COMETH**. Yes, unsaved reader, the night of death cometh. The long dark night of eternity cometh, and it is filled with the 'blackness of darkness' forever, Jude. 13. This awful night that cometh will have **NO MORNING**. It shall hear **NO GOSPEL** message to lighten its gloom ; and **NO SONG** of praise to banish its misery. **No Christ** shall ever come over its troubled waters to say "~~peace~~ be still." To every unsaved reader I would say, "Escape for thy life," and shun the night that cometh. The thunder clap and the lightning flash drive the wild beast of the forest to seek shelter in its lair from the approaching storm. Oh, that man (with all his boasted intelligence) would exercise as much prudence.

The 'Red light signal' on the railway indicates danger, and calls for a stop. In like manner God, in his word, has hung

out **The Red Light Signal** to warn the world [of danger. He speaks of 'the lake of fire,' of the 'everlasting burnings' of the 'unquenchable fire,' &c. This is the RED LIGHT SIGNAL in God's word of sacred truth, and it cries in thunder tones, **Danger ! Danger ! Danger !** It says—

“Stop ! poor sinner, stop and think
 Before you further go,
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?”

But thanks be unto God—just as the wild beast has a shelter in the lone forest, and as the little bird finds a safe retreat amongst the branches—even so Christ is an **Hiding Place** from the tempest, &c., Isa 32-2. And King David said, “**Thou art my Hiding Place,**” Ps. 119-114. Reader, as a watchman upon Zion's walls, (Isa. 62-6.) I have warned you of your danger. I have sounded the alarm. I have pointed out the refuge and so have cleared my skirts of your blood. Now if you rush on to eternal death, you may but blame yourself, and forever cry in eternal night “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and **I am not saved,**” Jer. 8-20. Oh, my friend (if unsaved), I once more intreat you to hide where King David hid—“in Christ. There will be **No Night** in Heaven. For the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the Glory of God does lighten it and the LAMB is the ‘light’ thereof,” Rev. 21-23.

“Then let us take the wings of the morning,
 And fly away to Jesus and **Be Saved.**”

HEAVEN GAINED, AND HOME AT LAST.

Dear Reader—I am about to bring my little book to a conclusion, and I think the subject I have chosen for that purpose will be very appropriate, as **Heaven** and **Home** are the desired haven and final object of every Christian. Yes, my dear friend, if you are a child of God, a follower of the lamb; how grand it will be when your earthly journey is done, to have a **Beautiful Home** to go to in your Father's house of many mansions.

Jesus said to his disciples, “I go to PREPARE a ‘place’ for you.” Just try to picture the beauty and glory of that ‘**H**ome’ which the Blessed Redeemer is preparing for his bride. **H**e calls the church “His Bride,” and just, as a wealthy prince, tries to adorn his palace for his intended bride; even so Jesus has a lovely mansion fitted up for his weary ones, where they may rest, when life's journey here below is ended.

Then, dear child of God, take courage since such a **Beautiful Home** awaits thee. A home where Jesus dwells; where **Bright Angels** live; a home where earth's saved ones shall meet and shine as the stars forever. Some will ‘miss’ this bright home. Many who have pretty homes on earth, nicely furnished; with costly carpet on the floor; music in the parlor; flowers on the window sill; birds in the cage; beautiful walks in the garden; nicely bound books in the book-case; fashionable dress in the wardrobe; rich cakes and dainties on the table, &c., will have, alas! **No Home in Heaven.**

In conclusion, my reader, as I told you in my first chapter, so I will tell you in this, that in order to become a child of God and enter **Heaven**, “**You Must be Born Again.**” Not only great sinners, but also moral and respectable people like Nicodemus need to be ‘born again.’ My reader, if you wish to have a home and sweet rest in **Heaven**, and to enter through the gates of pearl, and walk the streets of gold, then, remember,

“you must be born again.” Please get your Bible and turn to Rev. 7-14, 15. There you may see that the great multitude of redeemed ones had **Washed Their Robes** white **In the Blood of the Lamb**. Yes, many of these saved ones, when on earth contracted sin and defilement, so that their robes became ‘unclean’ and covered with black sin spots; But the Holy Ghost discovered to them both their danger and their need. So they came and washed in the blood of the Lamb. Nothing on earth or in Heaven can wash out a single sin-stain but the **BLOOD OF JESUS**.

“Reader, have ‘you’ **Washed Your Robes?** Have you been to the **Blood** for cleansing? Are you **Born Again?**” Answer these questions as in the presence of an all-seeing God—for “**Thou, God, Seest Me.**”

That this ‘little book’ may yield fruit unto God in the conversion of many souls, and be the humble means of leading some to **THE BETTER LAND**, is the earnest prayer and desire of the author.

I know there's a bright, and a glorious home
 Away in the heavens high,
 Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell,
 WILL YOU BE THERE AND I?

—)o(—

MOODY AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

I intended to have finished my little book with the last chapter, but I have been led to add an incident related by Mr. Moody, which, I hope may prove **A Message of Joy** to some **Anxious Enquirer**. It is as follows:—

“After the battle of Pittsburgh Landing and Murfreesboro, I was in [an] hospital at Murfreesboro. And one night after

midnight, I was woke up and told that there was a man in one of the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him and he called me, 'chaplain,' and he said he wanted me to help him die; and I said: 'I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the Kingdom of God if I could; but I cannot do it; I can't help you to die.' And he said: "Who can?" I said: "The Lord Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose." He shook his head and said: "He can't save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said: "But he came to save sinners-" I thought of his mother in the north, and I knew she wanted him to die right, and I thought I would stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could, and I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to third chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me, and when I came to the 14th and 15th verses, he caught up the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me and said: "Is that there?" I said: "Yes," and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbows on the cot and clasped his hands together and said: "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and I leaned over him and heard, in a faint whisper: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes and said: "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and then went up in one of Christ's chariots and took his seat in the Kingdom of God.

Yes, my reader, **The Good Old Bible is True.** It often gave comfort to our fathers and mothers. Its precious promises have frequently made "a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." Thousands of suffering ones, in sick-rooms, in hospitals, and on battle fields, have fed upon its promises, and quenched their thirst from its living streams. This blessed book has helped multitudes of earth's sorrowing ones to live, and has helped them to die.

But the poor INFIDEL who rejects this blessed book of God, walks through life in fear and darkness, and when death (on the pale horse) overtakes him, he shudders as he enters the dark valley, with no staff to lean upon; with no rock for his feet to stand upon, and no Saviour to take his hand.

Recent discoveries in the Holy Land are proving, beyond a doubt, that the Bible of our fathers' and mothers is true, and that it is indeed the word of God 'which liveth and' **abideth forever**, 1 Pet. 1-23. A library of over 1,000 copies has been found (after being buried for centuries) below the surface of the earth. This wonderful library consists (not of paper) but brick tablets, on which its history was written while soft, and afterwards hardened by fire. Many of these tablets are now in the British Museum. They mention the ark, the flood and other Bible incidents, &c., and seem to come up out of the earth to overthrow modern skepticism and forever establish the truth of God's eternal word.

Neither nature or boasted science could tell us about heavenly joys or how to reach them. But the precious Bible brings **Life** and **Immortality** to light, and tells us how 'through Christ we may reach the seats of everlasting day.

Then, dear reader, let us prize the Bible as our Heavenly Father's **Love Letter from Home.** Let us at once lay hold of the hope (**Jesus**,) which is set before us in 'the Gospel'; then our lives shall be hopeful and our death triumphant.

For Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.

Then, my reader, let us set our faces like a flint Zionward. Let us keep the eyes of our faith upon the city of God; upon its beautiful gates; its beautiful streets; its beautiful mansions; its beautiful river; its beautiful trees; its beautiful harps of gold and dazzling crowns of life, and white robed saints, and glorious angels, and unveiled deity, and altogether lovely Saviour; and as you see all these things let them form a mighty magnet to draw you **Onwards** and **Upwards**. Let your ears listen to its beautiful music, and to its divine invitations, and as you hear make haste to enter upon its rest and joy.

Oh, my dear reader, if **You** should **Miss** this **Lovely Home** and be doomed to spend the endless ages of eternity weeping and wailing in 'the lake of fire, where their worm dieth not, and the 'smoke of their torment ascendeth up **Forever**, Rev. 20-10. except you repent and come to Christ for life this awful Hell will be your place. I warn you to **Forsake Sin** and shun this place of woe. God the Father warns you to shun it. Jesus Christ the Son warns you to shun it. The Holy Ghost warns you to shun it, and God's ministers and servants warn you to shun this place of torment.

And the rich man who fared sumptuously and was clothed in fine raiment cries, "COME NOT TO THIS PLACE OF TORMENT," Luke 16-28.

Before we part I wish to give you a rule which, I hope will prove a blessing to you. It is this: "**Never do anything on which you cannot ask God's blessing.**" I remember a poor boy who was working by the day (I think piling lumber at a mill,) and had apparently no chance of getting an education, yet this boy told me that he never wished to do anything on which he could not ask God's blessing. He is now a preacher of the Gospel, and winning souls for Christ. My friend follow this rule, if you would live happy; follow it if you would die happy—and oh, remember if you want God to hear and answer your prayers **You must** follow this good rule.

Please get your Bible and turn to Ps. 66-18, where the psalmist

says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me;" also please read 1 Pet. 3-7, where it says, "that your prayers be not hindered." Now, we should give up anything that damps our devotion and **hinders** our prayers. This good rule would take away many hindrances—such as strong drink, love of tobacco, dress, novels, cards, dancing, &c. It would remove weights from our feet, so that we could **run** for God, and weights from our lives so that we could **shine** for God, and it would free our tongues so that we could **sing** for God. And when death would come one day, then our language would be :—

Happy, if with my latest breath,
 I may but gasp His name ;
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold ! behold the Lamb.

Well, here I am still writing some more manuscript for my little book, when I thought to have ended it on that sweet topic "**Home and Heaven.**" Well, my reader, as I have already added considerable of an 'appendix, I feel inclined to go a little further, and relate a 'REMARKABLE DISCOVERY' which I have penned from a Christian paper. I hope the perusal of the following incident (which I have already referred to) will prove a blessing by strengthening the faith of some weak ones in that God who inhabiteth eternity, and who holdeth the seas in the hollow of his hand. It is as follows :—

"A most remarkable discovery was recently developed in this city (Chicago.) It is of such an astonishing nature that the correspondent hesitates to give the circumstances to the public on account of being barred at present from giving names, although there is no good reason why it should not be done. However, The gentleman who made the discovery requests it. This disclosure consists in proving beyond the possibility of a doubt by scientific means the existence of the human soul, laying bare the greatest secret of nature, and proving the doctrine of

ETERNAL FAITH,—“ That the soul of man doth live. The disclosures and proofs of which may shortly startle the entire world.

For the sake of convenience the man alluded to will be called Mr. Holland, a man of small stature, a mild eye, and thoughtful countenance ; **a devoted Christian**, possessing a peculiar belief that the soul of man is a counter part of the body itself. And in his history of the dual man, he sought the key of life and death. He reasoned that within this body of bone and sinew was yet another body existing in vapory form which death alone should free, and that by a simple microscopic device the dull sight of human eyes might penetrate the minutest particles of the air we breathe, and see the soul take form and flight to the boundaries of another world.

His attention was first drawn to this, he says, by a man lying on a sofa suffering with a pain in his foot, and yet there was no foot there to suffer, the leg having been amputated nearly to the hip. “ For years,” says Mr. Holland, “ This incident ran through my mind, until at last I resolved upon an experiment— I procured the most powerful lenses I could find, and completed an invention of my own, and when I had my light arranged perfectly, so I could examine the microbes of the air, I called upon a friend who had lost an arm and explained that I wanted him to put his imaginary hand where I directed. He laughingly complied. The moment I adjusted the glass a world of revelation broke upon me. The dual (imaginary) hand lay beneath my glass ! I asked him to make imaginary letters with his finger. He did so, and to his wonder and astonishment, I spelled out the sentences which he wrote. That was conclusive evidence to me,” continued Mr. Holland. “ And you know the rest.”

The second experiment was one of the greatest difficulty—that of watching THE SOUL ITSELF TAKE FLIGHT. The friends of dying men would not allow experiments, and, indeed, it would have been a delicate matter to ask it. Hospitals afforded opportunities, but physicians and attendants had no faith in the

experiment of the quiet gentleman. So, for nearly a year he was watching and waiting for a man ready to die.

The opportunity came at last; a consumptive wanderer from the East sought relief in the western air. He fell penniless, and was about to be sent to the county poor-house, when Mr. Holland interposed and had him removed to his own home to nurse him and watch him die. Through many long hours of the night Mr. Holland sat by the bedside of his charge, fanning the spark of life lest it should go out in the night, when all efforts at experiment would be lost, and leaving orders by day with his wife to call him the moment the patient seemed to be sinking.

The fatal moment came about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, Aug. 25th. Stretched upon a low bedstead, with the death rattle sounding in his throat, lay a young man of, perhaps, twenty-three years of age. Mr. Holland quietly motioned the correspondent to a seat, and continued watching the features of the dying man with silent interest. Presently he arose and adjusted the curtains of the windows so that a flood of light fell aslant the dying man. He wheeled from a corner of the room what looked like a photographer's camera, and arranged the lenses to a focus, and then produced a large lens of some 12 inches in diameter, and placed in grooves made to fit behind the apparatus. The back part was then covered with a black cloth so as to obscure the light, and from time to time, as the breathing of the dying man grew heavier, Mr. Holland made inspection of the instrument.

At precisely twelve o'clock a sudden tremor passed through the body, and he had ceased to breathe. Mr. Holland arose from the bedside, and said in a whisper: "Now is the time!"

Together Mr. Holland and the correspondent passed their heads under the black cloth and bent their eyes intently upon the glass. Particles of dust in the air were magnified several thousand times, and for a time their motion kept a perfect dazzle upon the glass.

Then, as the vapor gathers into clouds, so an object appeared

to be forming a foot above the body on the bed. Particle seemed to seek particle, as by some molecular attraction, until an object was clearly distinguishable. It seemed the vapory form of a man rapidly assuming a more perfect shape, pure and colorless as the most delicate crystal. There was a moment of awful stillness, and a feeling came over me which I never can describe. We bent our eyes intently upon the glass until particle by particle the shapely form of a man had formed and lay floating a foot above moored to the body by a slender cord of its own formation. The face took the form of the dead man, but was beautiful in expression. The eyes were closed, and the new formed being seemed as if it were asleep.

Presently the cord that held it to the clay parted, and a gentle tremor passed through the beautiful form—**beautiful indeed**, for every limb was of the most perfect mould, such as earth has never beheld. The eyes of the spirit opened and a ray of intelligence and of unspeakable joy passed over its face.

It arose to a standing position, and cast one sorrowful look at the tenantless clay that lay so still. I stepped from behind the darkened apparatus and looked toward the spot where I knew the form was standing, but I saw nothing. The earth reeled beneath me; I cried aloud and fell fainting to the floor. When I again became conscious Mr. Holland was bending over me; his face was of an ashen paleness: "I mistook your strength," he said, perhaps I should not have called you here. We have seen natural causes and effects. **Death is but the beginning of life.**

My reader, the foregoing narrative may seem strange and wonderful to you, but, remember, many wonderful discoveries have been made of late years, and I rejoice to learn that these discoveries are proving the good old Bible to be the inspired word of the ever blessed God. This Holy Book speaks of the **inward man**, 2 Cor. 4-16. Oh, let us be ready to go home

bye and bye, to be forever with the Lord ; for ' our spirit ' will soon **take flight**, but where ? oh, where ?

Reader—**Where will you spend eternity ?**

Had I ten thousand gifts beside,

I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,

And build on Him alone.

For No Foundation is there given,

On which to place my hopes of Heaven,

But Christ, **the corner stone.**



THE BETTER LAND.

“ I hear thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band :
 Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the Myrtle boughs ?
 Not there, not there My child ! ”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze ;
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
 “ Not, there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
 Where burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
 Is it there sweet mother, that better land ? ”
 “ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy—
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
 For be yond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
 “ It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

The church and the world walked far apart,
On the changing shores of time ;
The world was singing a giddy song,
And the church a hymn sublime.
Come give me your hand, cried the merry world
And walk with me this way ;
But the church hid her snowy hand
And solemnly answered, Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you ;
Your way is the way of endless death ;
Your words are all untrue.

Nay, walk with me a little space,
Said the world with a kindly air,
The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there ;
Your path is thorny, and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain ;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain ;
The sky above me is always blue ;
No want, no toil I know ;
The sky above you is always dark ;
Your lot is a lot of woe ;
My path, you see, is a broad fair path
And my gate is high and wide ;
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side.

Half shyly the church approached the world,
 And gave him her hand of snow ;
 The old world grasped it and walked along,
 Saying in accents low,
 Your dress is too simple to please my taste ;
 I will give you pearls to wear,
 Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
 And diamonds to deck your hair.
 The church looked down at her plain white robes,
 And then at the dazzling world,
 And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
 With a smile contemptuous curled.
 I will change my dress for a costlier one,
 Said the church with a smile of grace ;
 Then her pure white garments drifted away,
 And the world gave in their place .
 Beautiful satins and shining silks,
 And roses and gems and pearls ;
 And over her forehead her bright hair fell
 Crisp'd in a thousand curls.

Your house is too plain said the proud old world,
 I'll build you one like mine ;
 Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
 And furniture ever so fine.
 So he built her a costly and beautiful house ;
 Splendid it was to behold ;
 Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
 Gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
 And the world and his children were there,
 And laughter and songs were heard
 In the place that was meant for prayer.
 She had cushioned pews for the rich and the great
 To sit in their pomp and pride

While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sad meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the church,
And whispered, I know thy sin,
The church looked back with a sigh, and longed
To gather her children in.
But some were off in the midnight ball,
And some were off at play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons ;
So she quietly went her way.
The sly world gallantly said to her,
Your children mean no harm —
Merely indulging in innocent sports,
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers:
As she walked along with the world ;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible pit were hurled.

Your preachers are all too old and plair,
Said the gay old world with a sneer ;
They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I like not for them to hear ;
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night ;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send you some of the better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind ;
Do you think He would take one child to heaven.

And leave the rest behind?
 So he filled her house with gay divines,
 Gifted and great and learned ;
 And the plain old men that preached the cross
 Were out of the pulpit turned.

You give too much to the poor, said the world,
 Far more than you ought to do ;
 If the poor need shelter and food and clothes
 Why need it trouble you ?
 Go take your money and buy rich robes,
 And horses and carriages fine,
 And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
 And the rarest and costliest wine ;
 My children they dote on all such things,
 And if you their love would win,
 You must do as they do and walk in the ways
 That they are walking in.
 The church held tightly the strings of her purse,
 And gracefully lowered her head,
 And simpered, I've given to much away ;
 I'll do sir, as you have said.

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn
 And she heard not the orphan's cry ;
 And she drew her robe aside,
 As the widows went weeping by ;
 The sons of the world and the sons of the church
 Walked hand and heart,
 And only the Master who knoweth all
 Could tell the two apart.
 Then the church sat down at her ease and said,
 I am rich, and in goods increased ;
 I have need for nothing and nought to do,
 But to laugh and dance and feast ;

The sly world heard her and laughed in his sleeve
 And mockingly said aside,
 The church is fallen, the beautiful church,
 And her shame is her boast and pride !

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
 And whispered in sighs her name,
 And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
 And covered their heads with shame,
 And a voice came down through the hush of heaven
 From Him who sat on the throne,
 I know thy work, and how thou hast said,
 I am rich ; and hast not known
 That thou art naked, poor and blind,
 And wretched before My face ;
 Therefore from My presence I cast thee out,
 And blot thy name from its place !
 —*Selected.*

THE STARLESS CROWN.

Wearied and worn with earthly care, I yielded to repose
 And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose,
 I thought while slumbering on my couch in Midnight's solemn gloom
 I heard an angels silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
 A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
 "Arise, O sleeper follow me?" and through the air we fled;
 We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
 And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went: my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
 I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet my eye.
 I know not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light
 When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white,
 We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
 We passed through gates of glittering pearl, o'er streets of purest gold.
 It needed not the sun by day, nor silvery moon by night;
 The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the Shining Streets, sweet music filled the air,
 And white-robed Saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there,
 And some that I had loved on earth, stood with them round the throne;
 "All worthy is the Lamb" they sang, "the glory His alone"
 But, fairer far than all besides, I saw my Saviour's face,
 And as I gazed, He smiled on me, with wonderous love and grace.
 Slowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
 Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length was past.

And then in solemn tones He said "Where is the diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?
 I know thou hast believed on Me and life through Me is thine,
 But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
 Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
 For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now;
 And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
 If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life alone,
 But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
 Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
 And thus in blessing those around thou hadst thy self been blest."
 The vision faded from my sight; the voice no longer spake;
 A spell came brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break,
 And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
 My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed amid that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below—
 That yet an other hour was mine, *my faith* **By Works To Show**
 That yet some sinner, I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
 And help to lead some weary soul to seek **A Home Above.**
 And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
 "*To live no longer to my self, but to Him who died for me.*"
 And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,
 "THEY THAT TURN MANY TO THE LORD, BRIGHT AS THE **Stars shall**
Shine."





